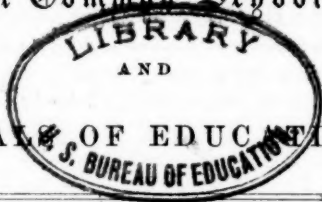


THE
Connecticut Common School Journal



ANNALS OF EDUCATION.

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No. 2.

NORWICH FREE ACADEMY.

WE give, in this number, an accurate representation of the above building, which is an ornament to the lovely city in which it stands and a noble monument to those to whose efforts and liberality it owes its erection. We have, in previous numbers, devoted some space to a consideration of the Norwich schools, but we feel that the completion, dedication, and organization of such an institution as the Free Academy is deserving of special notice. We can not devote sufficient space for a detailed account of the movements which have produced the result and can only say that the structure, and the fund for the support of the school, owe their existence to the liberality of forty gentlemen, who contributed an aggregate of nearly \$100,000 in sums varying from \$500 to upward of \$10,000 each.

The building is one of great architectural beauty and all its arrangements and provisions are on a most liberal scale, reflecting much honor upon the good taste and skill of the architect, E. Burdick, Esq., and upon the liberality of the donors. The whole affair places the city of Norwich on a proud eminence as regards her educational position and privileges, and makes it a peculiarly desirable residence for those who have children to be educated.

The school was organized under the direction of Ebridge Smith, A. M. formerly principal of the Cambridge, (Mass.) High School, a gentleman of much experience, and in all respects admirably fitted

Vol. XII, No. 2.

for his present position. The school has just closed a very successful term, and has, thus far, fully realized the expectations of its friends and founders.

A large and beautiful room has been appropriately fitted for a Library, and MRS. H. P. WILLIAMS has most generously donated the sum of \$5,000 to furnish a Library which is to be called, in honor of her father, the PECK LIBRARY,—a noble monument of filial regard to parental worth! May it prove a blessing and a perpetuating good, and thus cheer the heart which prompted the gift.

We wish that space would allow us to give a full account of the dedicatory exercises, but as such is not the case we will close by giving the remarks of that ardent and long-tried friend of education, the Hon. HENRY BARNARD, who spoke as follows:—

“ Mr. President: Hopes long cherished, and efforts strenuously put forth, by many persons, for many successive years, have their fulfillment and reward in this occasion. This house, with its spacious grounds, and attractive groves and hillside,—with its halls and class-rooms so admirably lighted, warmed, ventilated and furnished,—with all the facilities of illustration, experiment and reference, which its cabinets, laboratory and library afford, leaves nothing to be desired by teachers or pupils, in the way of material outfit and appliance, and at the same time guarantees that the future necessities of the school, in a larger number of well trained teachers, will be promptly and cheerfully provided, on the suggestion of the accomplished principal, under whose auspices it is the good fortune of this academy to open.

The plan of its establishment and support takes this school out of the disturbing influences, to which schools of higher learning are exposed, when under popular control, and efforts of popular enlightenment do not exist, or are not timely applied. On the other hand, it has dangers no less imminent; but so long as the spirit which has prompted this large endowment, for such large ends, and which has found fit utterance in the address to which we have all been delighted listeners, continues to animate the administration of its affairs, and rises to the demands of a progressive age, so long the institution will not be found “lagging behind the times,” which so often marks the history of educational charities. No class of corporations require, and should covet publicity, more than endowed schools; and nothing but a vigilant public press, and a lively sense of benefits received by the community, in an ever-ripening harvest of refined manners, developed intellect, and enlightened conscience, under the cultivation of accomplished teachers, can save this Free Academy from the perversion and decay, which has visited, in the third and fourth generation, and sometimes sooner, so many of the Free Grammar Schools of England, and the partially endowed academies of this country.

The course of instruction, resting on the solid basis of thorough systematic teaching in the schools below, which its plan of admission by open examination in certain specified requirements will help to secure, and the want of which in any of the lower schools will be sure to be exposed, in the

failure of its candidates to gain admission here,—and rising and spreading out into all of those studies which in one direction take hold of all the occupations of society, the farm, the workshop, the counting-room, the deck, the home, and on the other, discipline and inform the mind, and fit it for the acquisition and retention of all sound learning, and for the perception and assimilation of truth and beauty in all the works of God, as unfolded in our colleges and still higher seminaries—such a course of study seems to me eminently judicious. It meets the demands of our age for an education in science which shall make the wind and the stream, and the still more subtle agents of nature, minister to our material wants, and stimulates in all directions, the inventive faculties of man, by which mere muscular toil can be abridged, and made more effective. At the same time it does not ignore those apparently less practical studies, especially the mathematics and classics, which the gathered experience of successive generations of teachers, and the profoundest study of the requirements of the mind of youth, and the disciplinary and informing capabilities of different kinds of knowledge, have settled to be the best, if not the only basis of a truly liberal scheme of general or professional education. I do not believe that any amount of applied science, and the largest amount practicable should be given in this and other institutions of higher learning, or that any attention which may be bestowed on the English language only,—and whatever else is taught or omitted, the English language and literature should ever hold a prominent, the prominent place in the actual aims and results of your scheme of study,—can ever train the three great faculties of reason, memory, and imagination, to their full natural and harmonious development. But while I hold this not hastily formed opinion, I see no reason why the instruction of our schools, from the oral or primary, up to the university, should not deal with common things, with the principles, the phenomena and duties of every-day life;—why sewing, and a practical knowledge of domestic economy should not find a place somewhere in the training of every girl; and a “round about common sense,” the power of applying the mind and the hands readily to all sorts of work in helping himself and other people, about the house, the shop, or the farm, be the result of the house and school training of every boy. This was, and still is to some extent, the glory of our best New England school and domestic education. And to all this should now be added the modern developments of science in their applications to the arts.

One of the great advantages of the Free Academy to this community, in connection with the reorganization and improved teaching of the schools below, is the opportunity it affords of the highest advantages of public education,—the free struggle of children and youth of the same age, of both sexes, and of every condition, for the mastery of the same knowledge, and the acquisition of the same mental habits, in the same class-rooms, under accomplished teachers,—with the protection of parental vigilance at home, and that education of the heart and the hand which comes from the constant exercise of mutual help and courtesy, from innocent sports and rambles, and the practice of household and rural industry. These advantages of home and school education, are in the plans of this institution, extended to the female sex. My hopes for the regeneration of society, and especially for the infusion of a more refined culture in manners and morals, into the

family and the school, rest on the influence of pious and educated women as mothers and teachers; and in the appropriate training of such women, this school will become an important instrumentality. * * *

You need not be told, that an institution of learning, whether endowed or not, can not flourish in this country, if lifted above the sympathy and co-operation of the people, whose educational wants it is designed to supply; and although the mode of support and management which you have adopted, exempts the Free Academy from the storms of popular ignorance and prejudice, it does not protect it from the slow but sure decay of neglect, or the perversion of a narrow and exclusive policy. Here as well as elsewhere—in respect to this as to every other grade and kind of school—the public mind must be kept informed as to the necessity and reasonableness of your requirements,—the public heart must be warmed so as to embrace cordially your plans,—and the fullest publicity should be given to all your proceedings. Let each anniversary of the opening of your academy be marked by its own “commencement exercises;” let the best scholars in the land be invited to discourse to parents, teachers and pupils, on the delights of learning, the motives to study, the triumphs of science, and on examples of heroic and martyr devotion. Let your annual catalogue, beside the names of officers, teachers, and students, record promotions for good behavior, as well as scholarship, contain one or more successful themes, or compositions in Latin and Greek, as well as in some of the modern languages, and be accompanied with appeals from trustees and teachers to parents, on such points as may most need their attention and co-operation from year to year. Such exercises and publications will keep the school prominently before the community to whose sympathy and cheerful co-operation the trustees must look for the realization of the admirable plan which they have adopted, and which has been so clearly set forth here to-day. And with that sympathy and co-operation which I am sure will not be withheld, this Free Academy will stand a monument of wise liberality, and large public spirit,—a trophy of the victory of knowledge over ignorance, and of goodness, order and progress over grovelling views, dissociated effort, and a blind adherence to the past,—a temple where young and ingenuous minds shall inquire after truth, and be inspired with the love, not merely of excelling, but of excellence,—a shrine, at whose altar-fire many hearts will be kindled with that cheerful piety which shall light up your beautiful homes with unfading smiles,—a fountain of living waters, but poorly symbolized in the stream which the “Man of Ross” bade to flow,

“—clear and artless, pouring through the plain,
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain,”

—those healing waters seen in the vision of the prophet, which springing from beneath the threshold of the temple, flowed out into the wilderness, widening and deepening into a majestic stream, and nourishing all along its banks, trees, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

A STORM; IN SCHOOL.

Not exactly that, either, reader, unless you observe the semicolon carefully. A storm *in school*, literally, is an event which I should not attempt to describe. I should not like to dwell upon it long enough. To have been in one for an hour, or even for a tenth of that period, is enough for one's life time; and the mere remembrance of it would make unpleasant chills shiver one's frame through a long life time afterward. There have been, I have been told, in these school storms, gusts of passion and day-long blasts of wrath and rage such as, outside of the school-room, old Boreas never raised, such as neither land nor sea ever experienced. Minds and hearts, living and restless souls in a tempest—this, this is the most frightful of storms,—raging, roaring, fearful. All human interests are helpless before it. All loves, and affections, and reverences, and obligations are snapped and swept away by it. Awful wrecks are left behind it—young spirits broken down or made desperate and sullen—tempers soured and irascible—hopes for both lives quenched, and rude savagery entailed on one generation to be reproduced in ruder savagery in the next. But this is not the storm which I meant to mean in my heading. I will explain and say, in few words, what I wanted to say.

Here we are in school, this Dec. 24th, in the year of grace, 1856. Blasts of wintry power are sweeping down from the northern hills, bearing thick clouds of snow, dashing against every uplifted form, blinding all eyes, filling all exposed ears, roaring around every corner of our town, shooting, with unerring aim, sharp crystals of ice into every little window opening, and up and down every casement chink, while I sit here writing these random thoughts. Our old and well tried furnace, way down, down, in our lowest depths, is roaring, too, and bravely sending up his legion little troops of airy forms, all hot to meet and drive back this ruthless army from the north. And right spiritedly is it done, too. Scarcely at all can whistling wind cross the threshold of our scholastic domain, when, lo! its keenest edge meets, but cuts through, never, the upborne lances of the voiceless but mightier fire-armed spirits within. The clashing disturbs us not. Each blast and every little snow-shot, alike, caught on the ever ready lance-point of the invisible yet panoplied hosts that watch over us here, falls harmless. So noiseless is it, that we should only know it by occasional contact with the storm-foe, before the fatal encounter, in yon cold hall from which we have not yet barred him.

So bloodless, that our floor bears no marks which our heat-guards do not almost instantly efface.

And now, why all this valiant battling for the defence of this hal-
lowed place? Why drive back the rightful ruler of this tempestu-
ous December day? Why so affront the ordinances of the northern
skies?

Reader, I will tell you. We here train mind, better and mightier,
when trained, than snow, or wind, or storm, and they may well be
resisted if they oppose our work. We here train hearts—hearts
rich in sweet affections, dowered with blessed and blessing sym-
pathies, which, when developed into gentle and generous character, shall
pour a tide of blessing round our world; and who will call it lost
expense which is needed in fencing us about against the mightiest
floods and coldest storms of even our wintriest north?

But let us see who are now here. Count. You will find them
thirty-four—thirty-four out of seventy-four who are with us in pleas-
ant days. And who are they? Look upon them as I do now, and
you will find them all at work. They are our students. They came
here to study. They are young—less than sixteen years they have
seen, on an average—but a few years will cure that evil, and then
they will be what we, here, and they who care for them at home,
shall make them.

But look again. These thirty-four are not the fair weather mem-
bers of our school. Their coming this stormy morning, after yester-
day's stormy morning and night, shows it. They are those who
mean to get themselves ready to live well; and if this day is pro-
phetic of any future for them, it says, that of this thirty-four, a large
part shall soon be among the first of all the men and women of this town,
doing, here or elsewhere, good service for learning and religion. They
come not here in vain on this stormy day. Their resolute daring of
this winter storm shall nerve them for wrestling with mightier foes
against their upward course. Ease-loving dispositions, tinsel entice-
ments to pleasure, sensuous appeals to low and earth tending sensibili-
ties within them, sordid assaults upon their more noble and gener-
ous and philanthropic sentiments, will all be the more readily, as
they will be the more resolutely met, opposed, and trampled under
foot. Their acceptance and cheerful performance of duty, in spite
of storm, to-day, is the best assurance they can give of their habitual
performance of duty hereafter. Their triumphs here shall assuredly
aid them in nobler triumphs, yet to be won, on other fields; and we
think we do well to let them thus burnish their physical and intellec-

tual armory for the spirited encounters which we know they must hereafter often meet or make.

The storm ; in school. It is not without its blessings. It at once attests and forms the character which teachers love, which pupils need, and which the world will ever honor most.

Teacher, prepare for it. Bring to it a warm fire and a sunny face. These shall temper rudest and chilliest blasts, and fringe with golden radiance gloomiest clouds.

Pupil, try it. It will prove a blessed experience for you. Your struggle and sacrifice shall not go unrewarded. You shall, in storms, gather strength to combat storms ; and every sacrifice which you make to realize this boon of the scholar on earth, shall prove a new pinion for your loftier flight.

H.

For the Journal.

CHAT WITH A TEACHER.

BY GRACE GRANGER.

WHY that look of discouragement, as with a long, deep-drawn sigh you equip yourself for a walk to the scene of daily labor ?

Why that expression of extreme weariness on your pale features, as, after that day's labor of only six hours in length is completed, you again don hat and shawl, and with satchel and umbrella in hand, proceed again to your boarding place ?

Surely, it can't be possible you are really fatigued ? Preposterous idea ! You, who have nothing of *real work* to employ your time—nothing to do but stay in a comfortable school-room six hours out of the twenty-four, spending your time in the enjoyment of a most delightful occupation. You talk of fatigue, indeed ! Nonsense ! What a pity these school-teachers are so lazy.

What ! Do you say that I know nothing about it ? that I have no idea what your labors really are ? that unless I've tried it I can not imagine what an effort of mind it requires to drill, instruct, and discipline the all sorts of urchins under your care ?

The concentration of thought required for the proper discharge of your duty as instructor, the adaptation of your remarks to different temperaments and degrees of intellect, the vigilant watch and constant care to give the little rogues just enough and the right kind of

employment, the planning for what comes next, the patience with dull brains, and the guard over your own sensitive, perhaps irritable temper, all to be exercised at one and the same moment, not only for sixty minutes, but for six times sixty, each day—are things I know nothing about, are they?

Then the feeling of utter prostration that compels you to sink down wearily in your arm chair, as the last pupil makes his "good night" bow, leaving you alone to brood over the cares, troubles, and vexations of the day—is something I can't appreciate, is it?

Can't I appreciate these things, though? Haven't I been "through the mill" time and again? Yes, fellow teacher, I do know how arduous and discouraging a mission is yours; I know how many and acute are your trials, without the schoolroom as well as within. I know how delightful it must be, if you get your living by going from house to house, (as even in this present enlightened age some teachers are obliged to do,) to hear the state of the school discussed at each new boarding place, by persons who know as much about it as they do of the man in the moon—to hear each fault of your predecessor pointed out and enlarged upon with a "take warning" expression that causes you to shrink within yourself—to listen to sundry hints in regard to "my wonderful boy," "our bright little girls," and "neighbor such-a-one's dull, awkward boobies" to whom other teachers have been "partial"—all this, after your school-room labors, is enough to make your head weary and your heart faint.

If you happen to lay aside, for a time, your anxieties, and appear with your young companions, at a social gathering, I know full well how many eyes there are to watch, and tongues to report, your every word, look, and act.

But still I say—Why that look of discouragement? My object is not to help you dwell upon your trials. You can realize them forcibly enough without help. I would rather talk of the teacher's joys—rich, pure, and lasting—of the teacher's duties, privileges and influence. If your heart is in your work—if you labor not for the paltry sum so grudgingly paid, it may be, but for the noble purpose of moulding these pliable immortal minds—if your soul is kindled with enthusiastic zeal, these trials, crosses, and vexations will be cheerfully borne, the weary sigh repressed, and with patient, hopeful vigor, you will pursue your way.

Let us then, who, though we may not be among those whom the world delights to honor, whose voices may never be heard in the nation's councils, yet who wield an influence mighty as that of the

statesman, yea, who may even now be forming the characters of the future orators and statesmen of our land, let us see to it that we cast that influence, weak and powerless though it may seem to us, let us cast it, weak or mighty, for the present or the future, into the scale of *right*.

Let us, in every act, every word, every purpose, fling aside the long established dogma that "might makes right," and substitute therefor the glorious Christian principle that *right* makes *might*, feeling assured that *right principles will*, in the end, *prevail*.

Let us teach those under our care to abhor oppression in *any* and *every* form, to sympathize with the down-trodden, and strenuously to oppose all self-monopolizing principles. Let us, in these days of moral conflict, when right and might seem to be closing in their death struggle, let us lay aside all false fear of transcending our calling, and inform ourselves in regard to the great questions of the day, in order that our sentiments and enthusiasm may be engrafted on the minds of those who may yet help turn the long balancing scale.

Were every teacher in the land to commence, in earnest, the noble work of implanting right principles in young hearts, our country never need fear sharing the fate of ancient republics.

Away, then, all thoughts of discouragement. Repress the half drawn sigh and clear thy brow from clouds. Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt surely find it, though it be after many days.

STORIES FOR THE YOUTH.

A NOBLE BOY.

The following touching episode in street life—life in Paris—is a beautiful gem, and should be in all memories surrounded with pearls of sweetest thought and gentlest sympathy.

About nine o'clock in the morning, a little boy of twelve, whose jacket of white cloth and apron ditto, distinctly indicated that he followed the profession of pastry-cook, was returning from market with an open basket on his head, containing butter and eggs. When he had reached the vicinity of the church of St. Eustache, the little fellow, who could only with difficulty make his way through the crowd, was violently jostled by a stranger who was passing, so that his basket tipped, and fell to the ground with its contents. The poor lad, when he saw his eggs all broken, and his butter tumbled in the gutter,

began to cry bitterly, and wring his hands. A person who happened to be in the crowd that gathered around the little fellow, drew a ten sou piece from his pocket, and giving it to the boy, asked the rest who stood grouped around him to do the same, to make up the loss occasioned by this accident. Influenced by his example, every one present eagerly complied, and very speedily the boy's apron contained a respectable collection of coppers and silver. When all had contributed their quota, our young valet, whose distress had vanished in a moment as though by enchantment, warmly thanked his new benefactors for their kindness, and forthwith proceeded to count the sum he had received, which amounted to no less than twenty-two francs and thirty-five centimes. But, instead of quietly putting this sum in his pocket, he produced the bill of the articles he had lost, and as its total amounted only to fourteen francs, he appropriated no more than that sum, and then observing in the group that surrounded him, a poor woman in rags, the gallant little fellow walked right to her, and placed the remainder in her hand. Certainly it would have been impossible to show himself more deserving of public generosity, or to acknowledge it in a handsomer manner. The boy's noble conduct was greeted with the applause of the crowd, who were delighted to find such delicacy and propriety in one so young.—*Burritt's Citizen.*

GEORGE ELLIS AND HIS PLAYMATE.

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."—*EPH. iv. 26.*

It was just as the sun was setting, that George Ellis, at his mother's call, had left his play, and, seating himself on the piazza in front of the house, was busily engaged in studying his Sabbath-school lesson. The next day was the Sabbath, and George well knew that his mother, as well as his kind teacher, would be grieved if his lesson was imperfectly learned; yet he had read but a few verses, and already his Bible was closed, and with an uneasy, troubled look, he was gazing on the distant hills, and watching the last rays of the sun, which yet lingered around their tops. If we look upon the page upon which he has been reading, we shall find the verse which is at the head of this story, and this is the verse which troubled George.

The sun was fast sinking, and he could not quite forget the angry words with which he had parted from his little playmate, nor the angry feelings which were rankling in his heart, even as he held the

Bible in his hand. For a moment, kinder and better feelings seemed to be gaining the mastery in his bosom, and he almost resolved that he would run to the house of his playmate and tell him how sorry he felt for those unkind words. His next thought was,

"No! I'll not ask his pardon, for Henry provoked me, and he is to blame."

Still George did not feel happy, and it was almost with an emotion of pleasure that he beheld the sun's last lingering rays obscured by a cloud.

The Sabbath sun rose bright and cloudless, and George had seated himself at the window of his chamber, and was again repeating verses which had occupied him the previous night. There was a slight trembling of the voice as he read half aloud, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath;" and, rising hastily, he closed the Bible, saying to himself,

"If I meet Henry, I will speak to him."

But he did not meet his little playmate, and so he passed on with a slow step, for his heart did not feel light and free, with the weight of those angry words resting upon it.

He took his accustomed seat in the class, and it was not long before the quick eye of his teacher discovered that he was unhappy. As he proceeded in the lesson, and saw the quivering lip and starting tear as the verse was recited which had awakened so many unpleasant thoughts, he took occasion to impress upon the class the necessity of kindness and love, and the sin of allowing hard and bitter feelings to remain unrepented of, even during one day. As he spoke of the shortness of life, the feelings of George could no longer be restrained, and the tears which had been gathering in his eyes, now rolled down upon his cheeks.

When the exercises of the school were closed, and as the last of the class departed, his hand was laid gently upon his teacher's arm, as, in trembling tones, he said,

"Will you wait a moment, sir? I have something to tell you."

The teacher seated himself beside his pupil, and, as he heard the account of all that had passed on the afternoon previous, and of the unhappiness he had felt on account of it, his tears mingled with those of George,—tears of gratitude that his heart had been touched, and thus melted and subdued. A few words of counsel were concluded by the question,

"And are you willing, George, to ask pardon of your playmate for all you unkind words?"

"O yes, sir, indeed I am," said the sobbing boy. "But it is the Sabbath, and the sun will set again to-night."

And he sobbed afresh.

His teacher spoke to him of the blessed Saviour who did good on the Sabbath, as well as on other days, and as he left him, said,

"You can call and see Henry on your way home."

It was with a somewhat lighter heart that George stopped at the door of his playmate. Henry was surprised at seeing George; but no sooner did he understand the purport of his visit, than his hand was extended, and in a moment they were clasped in each other's arms. "To-morrow I will tell you all about it," were the words of George as he left the house with a lightened heart, yet still subdued and penitent.

Years passed, but the event was never forgotten, and George is always reminded by the setting sun of those words of holy writ:

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

A TALK ABOUT CHILDREN.

Rosy, rapture brightened is our Childhood!

Childhood with caresses over-flowing,

Sunny faces beaming tender friendships,

Tears and sorrows not long lingering;

Hopes—tears—and smiles.

(From the German of Sebastian Richter.)

WE begin this talk with a warm shaking of hands and with right hearty thanks! We have never seen him whom we thus greet, yet we have known him from boyhood and have a *mental* daguerreotype of him, formed in our youth, in which he looks, for all the world, like a sort of literary "Santa Claus," with his pack full of "quips and quirks," and jokes, and quaint stories, and keen wit, and good wholesome humor—so we pictured him in our boyish imaginings, when we read the anxiously looked for magazine, and so, reader, let us introduce to *you*, without further formality, Louis Gaylord Clark, whose "Editor's Table," in the Knickerbocker Magazine, still charms us as it did a score of years ago, when around the family table we read and re-read every page and line, which he, like a kind Almoner, gave us.

He could write *for* and *to* children—so *we* thought; and we sum-

med up our appreciation of the excellence of his witty stories and his quaint sayings, in one *all* expressive criticism, dear to the heart and tongue of childhood—"CHOCK FULL OF FUN!"

What wonder, then, that we carried our Knickerbocker to school, and neglecting study, and master, and fear of castigation, surreptitiously read its golden pages. Children *will* be interested in what is interesting, and they show an undisguised contempt for what is dry. *Tell* a group of children of Dr. Kane, up among the Esquimaux and the icebergs, eating walrus, and catching seals, and driving his dog-sledge away up to the great glazier of Humboldt, and on to the "open sea" encircling the pole, and how they wonder! *Make* them study the pages of a text-book and memorize this wonderful journey of Dr. Kane, and how they begin to hate the Esquimaux and Greenland. Don't get vexed with the boy because he likes to read adventures; he comes by it honestly. You, although now a full grown man, *you* were once a boy.

Do you remember when you took your first lessons in kite-flying, under the tuition, perhaps, of a bigger brother, when your ambition almost "o'er leaped itself" to be the owner of and to fly that wonderful work of art which you could not frame? Read this description, then, from Gaylord Clark's "Editor's Table," and tell me if it has not a natural freshness and truthfulness that calls back the days of boyhood.

"My twin brother WILLIS—may his ashes repose in peace in his early, his untimely grave!—and myself, when we were very little boys in the country, saw, one bright June day, far up in the blue sky, a paper kite, swaying to and fro, rising and sinking, diving and curveting, and flashing back the sunlight in a manner that was wonderful to behold. We left our little tin vessels in the meadow where we were picking strawberries, and ran into a neighboring field to get beneath it; and keeping our eyes continually upon it, 'gazing steadfastly towards heaven,' we presently found ourselves by the side of the architect of that magnificent creation, and saw the line which held it, reaching into the skies, and little white paper messengers gliding upward upon it, as if to hold communion with the graceful 'bird of the air' at the upper end.

"I am describing this to you as a boy, and I wish you to think of it as a boy.

"Well, many days afterwards, and after various unsuccessful attempts, which not a little discomfited us, for we thought we had obtained the '*principle*' of the kite, we succeeded in making one

which we thought would fly. The air was too still, however, for several days, and never did a becalmed navigator wait more impatiently for a breeze to speed his vessel on her voyage than did we for a wind that should send our paper messenger, bedizened with stars of white and yellow paper, dancing up the sky.

"At last it pleased the gentle and voluble spirit of the air to favor us. A mild south wind sprang up and so deftly did we manage our invention, that it was presently seduced to a mere miniature kite in the blue ether above us. Such a triumph! Fulton, when he essayed his first experiment, felt no more exultant than did we when that great event was achieved; we kept it up until 'twixt the gloaming and the mirk,' when we drew it down and deposited it in the barn, hesitating long where to place it, out of several localities that seemed safe and eligible, but finally deciding to stand it endwise in a barrel, in an unfrequented corner of the barn.

"I am coming now to a specimen of the 'sorrows and tears of youth,' of which GEOFFREY CRAYON speaks. We dreamed of that kite in the night; and far up in the heaven of our sleeping vision, we saw it flashing in the sun and gleaming opaquely in the twilight air. In the morning, we repaired betimes to the barn; approaching the barrel with eagerness, as if it were possible for the kite to have taken the wings of the evening and flown away; and on looking down into the receptacle saw our cherished, our beloved kite, broken into twenty pieces!

"It was our man THOMAS who did it, climbing upon the hay-mow. It was many years afterward before we forgot the cruel neighbor who laughed at us for our deep six months sorrow at that great loss."

There is something in the above extract, genial and natural,—something that carries you back to the old homestead, and to your boyhood sports and sorrows. I care not how old you are or how hardened by care and business; what is true of one of us is true of all, and in such "life scenes" are we all actors. Your boy is holding up before your face the mirror, and circumstances, places, and opportunity being the same, he is just such a boy as you *were*; if you would have him such as you *are*, look well to his surroundings.

It is often remarked that few men can talk well to children. This, it seems to me, is an admission that few men are natural, that few men have anything to say, and so they clothe their lean ideas with profuse verbiage. This will do when you talk with grown up men and women, *never* with children.

The fact is, children are thoroughly natural; and in order to talk

with them engagingly, you must throw aside your artificiality of manner and speech and "come down to them," or they will have nothing to do with you.

The dislike children sometimes have for the parson, with his white cravat, and his staid and dignified manner and speech, is an emphatic protest against the humbug of unnaturalness. Let him make a kite for John, or bring a doll in his pocket for little Mary, and straightway they are friendly; and he can then ask them about Sunday school and day school, and they answer, delighted, all his questions, and ask more.

Have you never remarked the quick logic of children? how inevitably they push your premises to a conclusion? If the major proportion of your syllogism contradict the minor, they will show no mercy and give no quarter. "Father," said the little son of a clergyman to his hard-at-work parent, who was looking over a page of manuscript sermon, erasing here and there a word, as occasion required, "Father, does GOD tell you what to write?" "Certainly, my son." "Then why do you scratch it out?"

"The child is father of the man," quoth a sensible writer, and it gives force to the apothegm if the *or* becomes emphatic. The "spoilt child" is, unfortunately, not a myth even in New England. A family with one such interesting member of the genus juvenile, becomes a terrible monarchy, over which Tunga-Merrakah, uncrowned and unseeptered, rules despotically. Both parents do his bidding, and the young monarch bullies his brothers and frightens his younger sisters.

Young America has lost that deferential respect due to age and wisdom, that so eminently characterized the homes of the early settlers of New England, and which, (I am told,) still gives a grace to the English home and family. That was a pleasing custom which, years ago, was prevalent in the country villages, and which it is hoped, is not entirely forgotten now, when the little boys and girls, returning from school, greeted the traveler with a merry smile, the boys lifting their caps, and the girls making a graceful courtesy.

What a pity 'tis that there are no "girls and boys" now to show the traveler such graceful civilities, but *only* "young ladies and gentlemen," who stare at you with a rude independence.

To be plain—we, as a people, worship *success* to the end that our children may *succeed* in business; in a profession, in material interests, we sacrifice everything; all culture of mind and heart, that does not

point towards success is worthless. The advice of Iago to Roderigo is the advice whispered in the ears of every Yankee born—

“Wherefore—put money in thy purse.”

What wonder that our boys become *shrewd*, at the expense of moral culture under such tuition. The Spartan mother bade her son come home *with* or *upon* his shield. Our New England matrons bid *their* children *succeed*, when they send them into the world to struggle in the great battle; at whatever cost, they must *succeed*, “honestly if you can, at any rate *succeed*!”

G. W. Curtiss, the author of the “Potiphar Papers,” in a vein of humorous satire, thus draws the too familiar picture:

“When we go out on Saturday afternoons to moralize and see new houses, we usually take our young ones by Alladin’s palace. Alladin was a Yankee. He started life by swapping jack-knives, then putting the halves of broken marbles together and passing them off as whole ones. When he had gathered some brass he went to school all the summer to learn the golden rule of arithmetic—addition for himself and subtraction for his neighbor. At an early age, Alladin was considered to be good at a bargain, which meant that he could always succeed in changing the worse for the better. The village said, ‘certainly, Alladin will succeed,’ when he left. ‘He will be rich,’ said the village, with more approval than it would say, ‘he will be generous and true.’ Alladin comes home again, and the admiring village points him out to the younger generation as a *successful* man. ‘My son, look at him; he began life with nothing, now *see*!’ ‘My son’ does ‘*see*,’ and beholds him owning a million of dollars—of all societies of which he is not president, a director. He has a home for a poet, but makes it his boast that he reads nothing but his newspaper. By and by old Alladin dies. The conventional virtues are told over as the mourning carriages are called out.

‘So old Alladin is *dead*,’ is the careless remark; ‘by the way, how much did he leave?’”

M. T. B.

New Haven, Jan. 1, 1857.

THE friendship of some people is like our shadow, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

TEACHERS' MEETING.

THE Windham County Educational Association, held its 3rd quarterly meeting at Windham Center, Friday, January 2d, 1857.

The President, Mr. Burleigh, being absent, the Association was called to order by the Secretary.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Stearns, of Windham.

C. M. Parmelee, Esq., was appointed President, pro tem.

The business allotted for the morning was reports from teachers of the several towns on the condition of their schools and the course of education in the County.

Windham was represented by a score of teachers in active employment. A Town Association was reported in efficient operation, holding its meetings semi-monthly. The cause of education advancing. The habit of tardiness of scholars in some localities spoken of, and much lamented. Various methods were proposed for its prevention. Much was said upon the subject during the session, showing how wide spread was the evil.

Brooklyn, twelve miles from Windham was represented by a strong delegation of five carriage loads. This speaks for the interest of schools in that section.

A flourishing Town Association was also reported in existence, holding its meetings weekly in the several school-houses of the town.

Other towns were also represented, and the interest in the cause of education in the County was never greater.

At 2 o'clock a lecture was delivered by E. R. Keyes upon "Hindrances to the cause of popular education;" the near relationship of the lecturer to myself will excuse me from making any remarks upon its merits. The remainder of the afternoon was well taken up by remarks from several gentlemen.

Mr. Barstow, a teacher of forty years experience, deserves honorable mention for his kindly advice and interest. The Rev. Messrs. Stearns and Horton, of Windham,—judging from their interest in schools and education—must be men who truly magnify their office. May every town be blessed with their like.

The evening lecture was delivered by Charles Northend, Esq., Editor of the Common School Journal. We thought in common with many others, that the lecturer was never happier in his illustrations, nor was ever a subject better chosen.

We hope to present such inducements that he may long remain with us.

At the close of the lecture the chairman of the committee on resolutions, Mr. Porter B. Peck, presented the following :—

Resolved, In the language of another, that education is a debt, due from the present generation to the future.

Resolved, That in our government the chief reliance in perpetuating our liberties, is on a broad and efficient plan of education, to be realized only in the district school.

Resolved, That any plan of primary instruction, which has no regard to moral sentiment must be defective.

Resolved, That tardiness is an evil, and that we will use our utmost endeavors to arrest it.

Resolved, That the co-operation of parents with the teachers in each town, is essential to the advancement of the cause of education.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association be given to E. R. Keyes for his able and instructive lecture upon "Hindrances to Popular Education."

Resolved, That this Association recommend the Connecticut Common School Journal to every teacher, as a means of promoting the elevation of Common Schools.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Association be presented to the inhabitants of this place for their hospitality on this occasion ; and also for the use of their church during the session.

Also Resolved, That the thanks of the Association and audience be tendered to Mr. Northend for his very able and interesting address.

Further Resolved, It is with reluctance that we part with our worthy Superintendent of Common Schools, the Hon. J. D. Philbrick, and though it be with a feeling of sadness, yet will we bid him God speed in his new field of labor.

Voted, That Mr. E. R. Keyes be requested to send an account of this meeting to the Common School Journal.

Mr. A. A. Burnham responded to the resolutions on the part of the citizens of Windham, in a very handsome manner, expressing their satisfaction, pleasure, and the benefit which they hoped to derive from their meeting together, and the thoughts elicited during this pleasant meeting.

After some further business the Association adjourned to meet in Scotland, on the 1st Wednesday in March.

E. R. KEYES, *Secretary*.

INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

In a certain village in Switzerland, some years ago, there were heavy complaints among all who possessed trees that no fruit was safe; that the children plundered it perpetually before it came to maturity, and not only that, but that the green sapling had no security against them. Another serious complaint was the barbarity of the children towards all living creatures in their power. The clergyman, teacher and elders, often laid their heads together, to find some remedy for this

inhuman spirit, by which every child in the place was more or less affected. They could not conceive why such a spirit should prevail so specially in this village; but they could find neither cause nor remedy; all exhortations, all punishments were in vain. The clergyman of the village was changed; and the new minister was a great friend to schools. His first walk was to the school-house. The vice of the scholars had been made known to him and the failure of all preventive measures hitherto applied. But determining within himself to watch the whole course of proceeding in school, he soon perceived that the teacher had a habit, and had acquired a singular dexterity in it, of knocking down and killing flies with his cane, to the end of which he had fastened a piece of leather. The windows were all on one side, and being exposed to the morning sun of summer, they were continually full of flies. The teacher's path lay along them, in front of his scholars; and while talking to the latter, he struck down the flies as they showed themselves at the window. This manœuver amused the children infinitely more than his instruction did, and they followed his example. They were incessantly on the watch for flies that buzzed through the room, caught them in their hands, and showed as great dexterity in this kind of chase as their teacher did in his. But their amusement did not end here; they had learned to play with their captives, treat them with detestable cruelty, and seemed to find a wicked delight in observing the shivering of their victims. On observing these curious and far from pleasing peculiarities of the school, the intelligent and humane clergyman easily accounted for the spirit of destructiveness among the children; and his first step was to induce the teacher to take his leather from the end of his cane; and next, to turn the desk so that the boys sat with their backs to the windows, and the teacher's path lay on the other side of the room. Then the minister went frequently into the school, and examined so severely, that both teacher and pupils had more to do than to give their attention to the flies. As this was not yet entirely satisfactory in its result, the minister took advantage of the hot summer weather to have instructions given only in the afternoon, when the school-room was not so full of flies, and thus he gradually banished the insects from the thoughts of teacher and children. But he knew that it was of little avail solely to pull the weed out of the young mind. He obtained an unoccupied piece of land fit for planting, and, not far from the school, laid out a school-garden.

This pleased the teacher, and the children willingly took part in the task, for they had soon learned to like their minister, who came

and worked among them. The garden was surrounded by a hedge planted with trees and shrubs, and each child had a tree or shrub given him to take care of. A nursery was soon laid out, and provision made for plenty of larger gardens and orchards in the village. And behold! the spirit of destructiveness among the children soon passed away; and every man's fruit and garden became safe, the youth even begging their parents that trees might be planted in the fields for them to take care of. The new spirit was communicated from children to parents, till it spread throughout the entire village; every family had its pretty little garden; an emulation in cultivating flowers sprang into existence; idle and bad habits disappeared; and gradually the whole place was a scene of moral as well as of physical-beauty.

This incident, the truth of which can be vouched for, has been communicated to us by a lady of rank who happens to have lately become acquainted with the circumstances, and has thought that their publicity may be advantageous. We have no doubt of the fact, that the practice of amateur gardening is never associated with evil, but is always a token of advanced tastes and correct habits. We would further say, let every school, so far as it can conveniently be done, have its garden, not only for purposes of amusement, but as an important engine of education.—*Chambers' Journal.*

"A CHIP FROM THE OLD BLOCK."

There is no disputing this fact; it shines in the face of every little child. The coarse, bawling, scolding woman, will have coarse, vicious, bawling, fighting children. She who cries on every occasion "I'll box your ears,—I'll slap your jaws,—I'll break your neck," is known as thoroughly through her children as if her unwomanly manners were openly displayed in the public streets!

These remarks were suggested by the conversation in an omnibus—that noble institution for the student of men and manners—between a friend and a schoolmaster. Our teacher was caustic, mirthful and sharp. His wit flashed like the polished edge of a diamond, and kept the "buss" in a "roar." The entire community of insiders—and whoever is intimate with these conveyances can form a pretty good idea of our numbers—inclusive of the "one more" so well known to the fraternity, turned their heads, eyes and ears one way, and finally

our teacher said: "I can always tell the mother by the boy. The urchin who draws back with doubled fists, and lunges at his playmate if he looks at him askance, has a very questionable mother. She may feed him and clothe him, cram him with sweetmeats and coax him with promises, but if she gets mad, she fights. She will pull him by the jacket; she will give him a knock in the back; she will drag him by the hair; she will call him all sorts of wicked names, while passion plays over her red face in lambent flames that curl and writhe out at the corners of her eyes.

"And we never see the courteous little fellow with smooth locks and gentle manners—in whom delicacy does not detract from courage or manliness, but we say, 'that boy's mother is a true lady.' Her words and her ways are soft, loving and quiet. If she reproves, her language is, 'my son'—not 'you little wretch—you plague of my life!—you torment—you scamp!'

"She hovers before him as the pillar of light before the wandering Israelites, and her beams are reflected in his face. To him the word mother is synonymous with everything pure, sweet and beautiful. Is he an artist? In after life, the face that with holy radiance shines on his canvas, will be the mother-face. Whoever flits across his path with sunny smiles and soft, low voice, will bring 'mother's' image freshly to his heart. 'She is like my mother,' will be the highest meed of his praise. Not even when the hair turns silver and the eye grows dim, will the majesty of that life and presence desert him.

"But the ruffian mother—alas! that there are such!—will form the ruffian character of the man."

We wonder not that there are so many awkward, ungainly men in society—they have all been trained by women who knew not nor cared for the holy nature of their trust. They have been made bitter to the heart's core, and that bitterness will find vent and lodgment somewhere. Strike the infant in anger, and he will, if he cannot reach you, vent his passion by beating the floor, the chair, or any inanimate thing within reach. Strike him repeatedly, and by the time he wears shoes he will have become a little bully, with hands that double for fight as naturally as if especial pains had been taken to teach him the art of boxing.

Mothers, remember that your manners mould the child.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

"Stillest streams

Of water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing."

A PARTING GIFT.

MR. EDITOR :—The resignation of the Hon. John D. Philbrick, as Principal of Normal School and Superintendent of Schools, took effect on Thursday, January 8th, and on Wednesday, he met the Normal School for the last time, as Principal. The high school of New Britain, with the teachers of all the model schools, and many of the citizens were present. Mr. Philbrick's remarks, were brief; for, as he said, he had intended and prepared to make no long or set speech; he had only to express to all present, to the citizens, the school officers, the village schools and their teachers, to the trustees of the normal school, its pupils, and to his fellow laborers, his sincere thanks for the ready aid and sympathy he had always received from them in whatever he had undertaken to accomplish for the schools; indeed, so much of success as had attended his efforts, he felt to be owing in very great measure, to this cordial coöperation; while their personal kindness and courtesy had rendered his life among them exceedingly pleasant. He gave a few and earnest words of parting to those who had been his pupils, and, in conclusion, introduced to the school and the audience, as his successor, Prof. David N. Camp, to whom he said, his only farewell advice and instructions were, like Napoleon's to Marshall Soult, "Do as you have always done."

Prof. Camp's reply was also brief, but full of feeling. While he did not doubt that Mr. P. was pursuing the path of duty, in accepting the appointment in Boston, yet it was with deep regret that he had learned this decision. It seemed to him that the cause of education in Connecticut needed, to carry it safely and speedily forward, the same thoughtful head, and efficient hand which had already planned and executed so much for its advancement. Besides the loss to the normal school, and the schools of New Britain, was one not easily made up; this all the teachers and pupils felt deeply; as a slight token of their affectionate regard, he hoped Mr. P. would accept the books of engravings with which he then presented him, in their behalf.

These consisted of "Roberts' Holy Land," "The Wilkie Gallery," and "Gems of British Art," in all five volumes.

Mr. P. briefly thanked him for the gift, and Prof. Camp called upon Mr. Tuck, principal of the high school, who said he had no words to express what he thought and felt on this occasion. While he congratulated his friends on this appointment, and the prospects

opened before him, yet it was with sincere sorrow that he extended to him the parting hand, which he did in behalf of himself and his pupils.

Dr. Comings and Mr. Northend, the former a classmate, the latter an early friend and fellow-teacher in Mass., both co-workers with him, spoke; followed by Dr. Beckwith, Hon. H. P. Haven and Rev. Mr. Ramsdell, gentlemen of the board of trustees, and by citizens and members of the board of education in New Britain.

The remarks of all were characterized by the sincerest good feeling toward Mr. Philbrick, and the best wishes for his success in his new field of action. There were many pleasant and complimentary allusions to his coming to Connecticut, and to events which have made his stay a fortunate era in her educational history; with an evident hearty appreciation of the valuable labors, from which she is reaping and will reap a full harvest of benefits.

QUITE SUGGESTIVE.

Very rarely is there more good sense in three verses of poetry than in the little *poem* we are about to copy. The old proverb, "God helps those who help themselves," is as true as it is old, and after all is said and done, in this country if in no other, a man must depend on his own exertions, not on patronage, if he would have or deserve success.

THE EXCELLENT MAN.

They gave me advice and counsel in store,
Praised me and honored me, more and more;
Said that I only should 'wait a while,'
Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

But with all their honor and approbation,
I should, long ago, have died of starvation,
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began.

Good fellow! he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never forget;
Yet I can not embrace him—though *other folks can*,
For I myself am this excellent man.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Resident Editor's Department.

RESIGNATION OF MR. PHILBRICK.

SINCE our last issue an unexpected change has taken place in the State educational department. Our late universally honored and respected Superintendent has resigned his position, in order to accept the office of Superintendent of schools in the city of Boston. To say that his departure from us will be deeply felt and regretted by all the friends of education, is but a feeble expression of the truth.

It is a little more than four years since Mr. Philbrick, was invited to Connecticut, to assume the position of associate principal of the Normal School. He came at a time when the prospects of the institution were not in a very flattering condition,—at a time when its warmest friends began to waver and to doubt. But he came with a brave heart and with that earnest spirit of true enthusiasm, which will make success sure if within the bounds of possibility. From the time of his coming, the prospects of the school began to improve, and before the lapse of two years all was bright, cheering, prosperous. His own genial spirit and common sense views were soon felt through the school and the community. At the expiration of two years, on the resignation of the Hon. Henry Barnard, Mr. Philbrick was appointed Principal of the Normal School and Superintendent of the Common Schools of the State. In this department, also, his labors were crowned with abundant success. His earnest, judicious, well-directed and arduous labors are too well known to require enumeration. He succeeded in a wonderful degree, in infusing a right spirit into the hearts of teachers, and in giving true point and character to educational movements throughout the State. He enjoyed the entire confidence of the teachers, and they were always ready to greet him with coöperating hands and sympathizing hearts. This was true to a remarkable extent, so that it is doubted if a teacher can be found who does not deeply regret his resignation, and removal from us.

But our friend has accomplished a great and good work for Connecticut. He has fulfilled his mission here and gone to labor in

another part of the great vineyard. He bears with him the best wishes of a host of warm-hearted, devoted friends. May success attend his efforts and a kind providence ever smile upon and bless him.

A communication from a correspondent on another page, will show what estimation he was held by the teachers and pupils of the normal and model schools.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the State Normal School, every member being present, the following resolution was unanimously passed :

Resolved, That while the Board of Trustees deeply regret the loss to the educational interests of the State, in the removal of Mr. Philbrick, we hereby express to him our united and individual appreciation of his invaluable services as Principal of the Normal School and Superintendent of Common Schools, during the four years he has been associated with us. We tender to him our best wishes in his new field and shall ever cherish a grateful and pleasant recollection of his devoted labors in the cause of Common School Education in this State.

We might in this connection, speak of the efforts of Mrs. Philbrick, of her services in the chamber of the sick, of her many friendly acts and encouraging words to members of the Normal School,—but it is not necessary. Her many deeds and expressions of kindness and encouragement have a sure and lasting depository in the hearts of multitudes who have experienced them.

But while we deeply deplore the departure of Mr. Philbrick, we have much cause for gratitude in the very prosperous condition in which he leaves the educational interests of the State, and that so much harmony of feeling prevailed in relation to the appointment of his successor. The minds of the Trustees of the Normal School and of the friends of education seemed to center upon one man, and when the Board came together, Prof. DAVID N. CAMP, late associate principal of the school, was unanimously elected Principal and Superintendent of Common Schools. A wiser or more acceptable choice could not have been made. Prof. Camp, has been connected with the instruction of the school from its commencement, and his services have given uniform and universal satisfaction. In the discharge of his arduous and responsible duties he will be sustained and cheered by an excellent Board of Trustees composed of gentlemen of the highest character and of the noblest spirit, and he also may be assured of the most friendly support on the part of the teachers in various parts of the State. During the last four years a most friendly and happy relation has subsisted between him and our late beloved

Superintendent, and we are assured that the utmost harmony and good feeling have characterized all their intercourse and all their mutual consultations.

WHAT IS DOING FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF SCHOOLS IN CONNECTICUT.

The interest in behalf of our common schools appears to be increasing in various parts of the State, and the signs of progress and improvement are numerous and unmistakable. Probably at no previous time have there been more effectual efforts than at this season. There is not only *talking* but *acting*, and we may anticipate the happiest results. We have not space, in the present number, to give all the "signs of promise," nor to enumerate all the efficient movements which our eyes have seen, or of which our ears have heard. We can only speak of two or three places in which the right kind of effort is put forth, and that in the right way.

SOMERS. In the autumn a very interesting Teachers' Institute was held at this place, rendered all the more interesting from the cheerful coöperation rendered on the part of the citizens, and particularly of the school visitors who seemed determined to make a special effort to awaken parental interest, and secure parental coöperation through the instrumentality of meetings and free educational discussions in the several districts. In order to give our readers a correct understanding of operations, we will quote from a letter received from the Rev Mr. Oviatt, a member of the board of visitors, and the gentleman to whom the plan owes its origin. He informed us of his intentions before the winter school commenced. Under date of Dec. 16th, he thus writes :

"I am happy to inform you that our plan is working to a charm and producing noble results. Our most successful meeting occurred last evening in the school-house at North Somers. * * * We have already held four of these school meetings, and we hope in the course of two weeks more to reach all the districts in our town, ten in all, in this way. Our course is thus : On the day preceding the one in the evening of which we propose to hold the meeting, we send into every family in the district the following circular :

Mr.—Dear Sir :—You are urgently invited, with all the members of your family to meet the Board of School Visitors at the school-house in your district at — o'clock to-morrow evening. Matters of great importance necessitate the calling of this meeting.

Yours, &c.,

—————, Chairman of Board of School Visitors.

At these meetings we talk very plainly and go over the whole ground as far as we can, chiefly addressing our remarks to parents and guardians. * * * The teachers of our schools are to organize a teachers' association for the winter, to meet weekly for mutual improvement in their great profession."

This is what we call sensible work, a good work done in the right way, and if every town in the state will follow the noble example of Somers we shall soon witness improvements and progress far exceeding our most sanguine expectations. And what our good friends in Somers have done, and are doing, can be done in every other town. Mr. Oviatt knows what a good school is, and how to secure the same. He was a few years ago an active and efficient member of the board of school committee in the city of Boston, and has long manifested a deep interest in the cause of common schools. In his labors here he finds cheerful aid on the part of Mr. Percival, the acting visitor, and other members of the board. May his generous and well directed efforts be abundantly blessed, and may others be incited by his example to "go and do likewise."

P. S. We just learn that the school visitors of New Britain are imitating the excellent example of Somers.

CLINTON. From this town we have two communications which speak cheerily of what is doing for our good cause. An earnest and devoted teacher thus writes:—

MR. EDITOR.—The teachers in Clinton seem to be fully awake in regard to the importance of the trust confided to their care. And that they may better discharge their duties *as teachers*, they have organized a "Teachers' Meeting," which meets weekly at the different school houses in the village. There is the utmost good feeling prevailing on the part of the teachers, and each member appears anxious to assist one another by freely imparting those plans, which they have used in their own school with success.

We are very hopeful in regard to the good which may result from these meetings, and trust, that in attending to the command "bear ye one another's burdens," that we shall secure our reward by promoting fraternal feelings, and by mutual coöperation raise our schools to a higher standard of excellence. S.

[A gentleman much interested in the improvement of schools, thus writes in relation to the schools of the western district. We wish our young friends much success in the management of their paper, and hope they had a very "Merry Christmas." What say for an exchange? Another good thing done in this district is the establishment of a School Library.—*Res. Ed.*]

Mr. George F. Phelps, now of the Central School, Norwich, and Miss Susan L. Bushnell, were teachers here for two years previous to Mr. Phelps' removal to Norwich, since which Mr. E. C. Hine, and

S. B. Bishop, have taught the senior department, and Miss Ellen E. Webb, and Miss Bushnell the primary. Mr. Bishop and Miss Bushnell are the present teachers, and the school was never more prosperous.

A paper, made up mostly of selections from the compositions of the scholars, has become a "fixed fact." It is edited by some of the scholars, and read for the edification of friends who are invited in on the day of publication. The object of the paper is "to elevate the condition of our school, incite an ardent desire for improvement, and secure the approbation of our parents." The last issue was on Christmas day, "The Christmas Offering," and was made up of pieces of various merit in prose and verse. "The news of the Day," "Family Articles," "Our School," "A Walk," "A Ride," "Thanksgiving," "Winter," "Snow," "The history of a Pin," "Marine List for Port of Clinton," etc., were topics in the last paper. I send you some short articles, original in the offering. "Wanted a tooth from the mouth of Indian River. The *scalp* of Sachems Head." "Why is a primary school like a turbulent river? Because it has *eddies* in it. Why is the western school like the Episcopal church? Because it is governed by a *Bishop*." FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE. Editors of Christmas Offering: There is in my possession a paper, an extract from which I give below: "At an adjourned school district meeting holden at the school house in ——— district, in the first society in K. on Dec. 6th, 1836; *Voted*, "That we will not have Grammar and Geograph taught in the school this winter." (This is not the only place where the people feared the introduction of high studies.)

A CARD. "We understand the children of the Western school are to have a *Merry Christmas* at Stannard's Hall this evening. It is hoped the occasion may be graced by the presence of all the patrons of the school. Come! every body, and his wife; let us have a Merry Christmas with the children."

The proprietors of the Hall volunteered its use for the school, and the friends contributed liberally of nuts, confectionary, &c. The entertainment ended very happily.

The schools throughout the town are in a prosperous condition.

V.

BROOKLYN. The teachers in this town are doing a good work for themselves and for the cause of popular education, by holding weekly meetings for the discussion of topics of a professional bearing. Mr. Keyes who is secretary of the County Association, has a good school here, and he has a heart full of love for his work, and is ever ready to labor with "heart and hand" for the elevation of our schools. We wish him and his fellow teachers of Brooklyn, much success.

WINDHAM. We had the pleasure of attending a very interesting meeting of teachers at this place on the 2nd of January. An account of the meeting may be found on another page. The gathering

spoke well for Windham County. At the evening session there were present nearly 100 who are, or have been, engaged in teaching. An excellent spirit pervaded the meeting, and good results are confidently anticipated. The teachers of the town of Windham, are holding semi-monthly meetings for mutual and professional improvement.

PICTURES. A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls with nothing on them; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to the person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful, and perhaps Idyllic scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Is it winter in your world? perhaps it is summer in the picture; what a charming momentary change and contrast! And thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.—*Home Journal*.

ITEMS.

DESERVED COMPLIMENT. It is well known to many of our readers that the Hon. James F. Babcock, has for a long time labored for the improvement of the New Haven schools and, also, that the beautiful "Elm City," now has schools which will not suffer in comparison with the best schools in New England. We learn that the teachers, pupils and friends of education made a beautiful and valuable Christmas present to Mr. Babcock as a testimonial of their appreciation of his important services. The present was a splendid service of silver plate, consisting of seven pieces. On the Salver, in the center of a large wreath of chase work, is engraved "CHRISTMAS, A. D., 1856—Presented to Hon. JAMES F. BABCOCK, by the TEACHERS of the PUBLIC SCHOOLS in the City of New Haven." On another piece is engraved the name "HILLHOUSE," on another, the name

"WEBSTER," on another the name "EATON," on another, the name "WOOSTER," on another, the name "DIXWELL." Each of these names being those of the several schools indicated is enclosed within a richly embossed wreath of flowers.

M. T. Brown, Esq., of the Webster school, presented the plate in a few very appropriate and interesting remarks, to which Mr. Babcock responded with deep feelings, thanking the donors most heartily for a gift which would be regarded as a life long treasure. Want of space forbids a more extended notice of this pleasant occasion. We are glad to witness such a manifestation of regard for well rendered labors,—labors that will tell on generations yet unborn.

The HON. JOHN D. PHILBRICK, entered upon the discharge of his duties as Superintendent of the schools of Boston, on the 10th. The teachers and pupils connected with the model and normal schools of New Britain, manifested their regard for him, by presenting him with five large and splendid volumes of pictures and engravings at a cost of nearly one hundred dollars. An account of the presentation may be found on another page.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We thank our friends for their communications. We have several which will appear in our next. "The Teacher's Dream;" "What can the Teacher do?" "A year ago to-day," "Mathematical Geography No. 2," and several others are in our "drawer," and will appear in due time. If our correspondents will write only on one side of a leaf they will do much to keep the printer in good humor; and a plain readable hand, will be of aid in the same direction.

We, by which we mean the printer, publisher and resident editor, have "entered into a combination" to get the several numbers of the Journal out as early as the first of each month. Correspondents and advertisers will please remember this and if our subscribers fail of receiving their numbers as early as the 2nd or 3rd of each month, they may know that some one of the "trio" has broken a pledge or, else, that the fault lies at the door of some one holding an office under government.

EXCHANGES. We most heartily thank our exchanges, and particularly the newspapers of our State, for their kind and favorable notices. We certainly wish them all abundant success. It is highly gratifying to us to know that the editorial corps generally, feel a deep interest in the cause of Common School Education.

TO SUBSCRIBERS. If any of our subscribers wish to discontinue will they please make it known clearly where they reside; or if they change place of residence will they please make it known. Emma M—, writes "please discontinue my Journal," but she does not tell us where she resides and consequently we can not discontinue. We have several names alike. Please read the second page of the cover.

APOLOGETIC. The publisher regrets that bills were sent to several subscribers who had paid. It was owing to the fact that the account of the names received by Mr. Gladwin, and promptly accounted for by him, had not been properly marked on the subscription list. The error was in no way chargeable to Mr. Gladwin, but was one of those unavoidable errors incident upon change of publishers. We hope our readers will be lenient for such things, and we can assure them that the publisher will endeavor to have all things just right.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS: The second Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, in 1853, '54, and '55. By Elisha Kent Kane, M. D., U. S. N. Illustrated by upwards of three hundred engravings from sketches by the author. 2 vols. 8 vo., each containing 467 pp. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson.

We have perused these volumes with intense interest and would cordially commend them to the notice of our readers. They contain a faithful and plain record of a truly wonderful undertaking, and no one can read them without a feeling of admiration for the noble man and his associates, who thus perilled their lives and endured incredible hardships for the cause of humanity and science. We are not surprised that a book so full of brave adventure and so abounding in thrilling incidents, should have met with so large a sale. We doubt not that its sale will exceed that of any book published in America.

The volumes are beautifully printed, in large type, and do great credit to the enterprising publishers. The engravings are remarkably good. It is an excellent work for school and other libraries. In a future number we hope to give some extracts.

FAMILIAR SCIENCE, or the scientific explanation of the principles of natural and physical science, and their practical and familiar applications to the employments and necessities of common life. Illustrated with upwards of one hundred and sixty engravings. By David A. Wells, A. M. 8 vo. 566 pp. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson.

This work is full of useful information presented in a familiar and attractive style. In the family school and library, it will be found exceedingly valuable as a book to study or as a work for reference purposes. It is handsomely printed and fully illustrated with excellent engravings. We wish it had a place in every school-room of our State.

FAMILIAR ASTRONOMY; or an introduction to the study of the Heavens. Illustrated by celestial maps, and upwards of 200 finely executed engravings. To which is added a treatise on the Globes and a comprehensive astronomical dictionary. For the use of schools, families and private students. By Hannah M. Bouvier. 8 vo. 499 pp. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson.

From the cursory examination we have been able to give this attractive volume, we have formed highly favorable impressions, and believe it to be admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was prepared. It has received strong commendation from some of the most distinguished astronomers of the age, among whom we may name Prof. Olmsted, of New Haven; Prof. Bond, of Harvard College; B. A. Gould, Jr. Esq., Editor of the *Astronomical Journal*, Cambridge, and others. The astronomical dictionary is well worth the price of the book to any one who feels any interest in the truly sublime science of Astronomy.

THE HUMOROUS SPEAKER; being a collection of amusing pieces both in prose and verse, original and selected; consisting of dialogues, soliloquies, &c. Designed for the use of schools, literary societies, debating clubs, etc. By Oliver Oldham. 12 mo., 408 pp. New York: Ivison and Phinney.

We are glad to see any work which shall tend to increase an interest in the

important, but sadly neglected branch of declamation. This book seems to be well fitted for the purposes enumerated in the title, and we, therefore, commend it to teachers and others

"INSTITUTES OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR," by Gould Brown, author of the Grammar of Grammars. "The first lines of English Grammar," by the same author. New York: Samuel S. & William Wood.

These are two good works, the production of one who has devoted more attention to the subject of grammar than any other man in America. The larger work, called the Institutes, is designed for more advanced classes and the "First Lines" for beginners. They are reliable works.

OUTLINES OF HISTORY; Illustrated by numerous Geographical and Historical notes and maps, embracing Ancient and Modern History. By Marcius Wilson. 12 mo., 600 pp.

History of the United States from the earliest discoveries to the present time. With additions containing history of the British American Provinces, history of Mexico and the Constitution of the United States, with explanatory notes and questions.

These works published by Ivison and Phinney, of New York, have been long before the public, and are too well known to need any commendation from us. They have been introduced into schools, quite extensively, and are regarded with much favor. The publishers have well performed their part of the work.


FIRST LESSONS IN LANGUAGE; or Elements of English Grammar. By David B. Tower. Boston: Sanborn, Carter and Bazin.

This is an excellent little book for beginners, and will do much to make the subject interesting. The author has had much experience in teaching and was for many years one of the most successful teachers of Boston. He knew *what* to teach and *how* to teach, and though we have never used his grammar in the school-room, we have much confidence in its adaptation to the wants of the classes for whom it has been prepared. The use of this work and the "Grammar of Composition," by the same author, will do much to make the study of grammar interesting and profitable.

We have received from Messrs. Ivison and Phinney, Sanders' School Readers; from Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., the "Normal Readers;" from Sanborn, Carter and Bazin, "Town and Halebrough's Readers;" from Morris Cotton, "Parlor Dramas;" all of which we shall endeavor to notice at a future time.

PETERSON'S LADIES NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

The January and February Nos. of this excellent monthly, have been received and contain engravings of a very high order, and several beautiful patterns that can not fail of pleasing the ladies. We commend this work to the attention of our lady readers. Each number contains about 90 pages. The subscription price is only \$2 per annum, or \$10 for a club of eight. Send to Charles J. Peterson, 102 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

 The publisher desires to call the attention of readers to the advertisements of Ivison and Phinney, and Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., which were inadvertently omitted from our last; also, to the books advertised by Morris Cotton. In a word, always examine our advertising sheet.